

Allowance

by Dance Elle Dance

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_**Disclaimer: **__I don't own Halloween._

**Summary: She rests all her weight on one leg, juts her chin out, and says, "What are you looking at, Andre the Giant?" MichaelLynda, oneshot**

Happy Friday the 13th! Lol. I just wanted to write something for these two. I've had this idea in my head for the longest time, and just now I'm getting it out on paper (er, WordPad). Usually, I write MichaelAnnie stuff, but I just thought this idea would be interesting to write. The sentences are kind of short on purpose, because I doubt that Mr. Myers' thoughts are all flowery and detailed, lol. And, if you're visual when you read, like I am, the things in italics are supposed to be kind of viewed as jump-cuts in the story, like flashbacks. Or something. I'm probably making no sense. Anyway, thanks for reading!

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><p>Allowance

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><p>Cold, mechanical almost, he walks down the streets of Haddonfield.<p>

The Shape's home has not changed much since his institutionalization. The streets are the same, houses are the same. Leaves fall from the

trees and land in the same patterns he remembered as a child.

An image of blood among the leaves, a baseball bat clenched in tiny fingers, feral growling as he -

His feet, large as they are, make no sound, not even as they crush the leaves that have chosen to flutter down the path. They are of no importance. Only his mission.

_A baby, crying in the background - _

Boo.

Angel Myers.

His sister.

He must find her.

"Your mother, Michael, she won't be visiting anymore - "

He is robotic in his task. Unyielding in his determination. He walks, uncertain where he is going, but does not care.

He doesn't care about much, anymore.

_Blood on his hands. Killing, killing those guards. The girl screaming - _

Only now does he realize someone is following him. He has not paid attention to much, other than the occasional cop car. He will not get caught, even if they do recognize him. He is too strong for them.

_A fork, a makeshift weapon, jabbed into the nurse's neck; blood soaking the white of her uniform - _

The person behind him is a woman. Heels clack behind him. Her voice is loud and unapologetic, breaking the silence. He supposes she's talking to someone.

He turns.

Long, bedraggled hair hides his face, but he can make out this girl perfectly. She is just that - a girl. Teenage. She wears a short pleated skirt and a Letterman jacket. Her hair is wavy and blonde. Her eyes are annoyed. She's holding a phone to her ear and talking in it louder than he feels is necessary.

" - just shut up. I was _talking _to the guy, Bob. It's not like I was _naked with him _- "

His sister. Yelling at her boyfriend, slapping him, red oozes out of his nose -

She cuts off as soon as she sees him blocking her way.

"Let me call you back." She hangs up, but not before he hears the garbled yelp of protest over the line.

The girl meets his eyes. Defiance oozes off her. He is not sure what she has to be defiant about, but...

_A knife slicing through a neck. Blood staining the silvery tape that binds him - _

He clenches his fists. Grits his teeth. Breathes.

She rests all her weight on one leg, juts her chin out, and says, "What are _you _looking at, Andre the Giant?"

_Screaming. Stumbling feet, hands knocking over tables and vases in an attempt to get away - _

He breathes again. In, out. The sight of her sets his teeth on edge. No one else is around. It would be so easy...so, so easy...

She tosses her head to the side, hair falling back and revealing the column of her neck. She crosses her arms. Exhales roughly in exasperation.

"_Seriously_. Why are you just standing there? _Move_ please. I'm going to be late to see my mom."

Mother?

"Michael? Why won't you talk to me, honey?" A fond, exasperated sigh, tinged with lost hope. "I've brought you something - "

He moves to the side, allowing her escape.

She looks at him, the frustrated line between her brows disappearing, and then walks past him. His hands have taken many lives, and they ache to reach out and grasp her for reasons unbeknownst to him.

_Blood. His sister screaming as the knife goes in. Again, again - _

He does not stop her; Michael Myers lets her go, watches her as she leaves, clenches his fists and imagines how they would feel around her wrists.

She has to go meet her mother, after all.

* * *

><p>End._

End
file.